



PUSS-IN-BOOTS, Jr.
In New Mother Goose Land

By DAVID CORY (SIXTH SERIES)

W. & A. Roper & Brothers
Established 1817

RHODA CHASE

Puss-In-Boots, Jr.

In New Mother Goose Land

By
David Cory

Here is a storehouse of child lore and imagination. The young Puss in Boots journeys into New Mother Goose Land and makes a lot of new acquaintances, among them young Mother Goose, who flies in an airship instead of riding on a gander; young Mother Hubbard, who feeds her dog on ice-cream instead of a bone, and ever so many of the new generation of nursery folk.

Kenneth Harter

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

BOOKS BY
DAVID CORY

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND
THE ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN FAIRYLAND
TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
[ESTABLISHED 1817]

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in New Mother Goose Land

• by David Cory •



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PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

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PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

YOUNG MOTHER GOOSE

NOW let me see. The book before this, *Puss in Boots, Jr., and Old Mother Goose*, ended just as Goosey, Goosey Gander flew away when the hungry fox sprang out from behind a tree. And then you remember Puss drew his sword, and the fox didn't wait to say even good-by, but ran away as fast as he could. So Puss went bravely on, and as he entered the wood he saw a sign on which was printed in large letters:

MOTOR GOOSE ROAD NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

"What, do automobiles travel through here!" said Puss; but nobody answered him, so he kept right on and by and by he came to a little red house from the chimney of which the smoke was curling upward like a long black feather. As he stopped at the gate an angry hiss greeted his ears, and there stood a large gander who

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looked for all the world just like Old Mother Goose's Gander on which Puss himself had so often ridden.

"Aren't you Old Mother Goose's Gander?" he asked.

"No, I'm not, my good Sir Cat. Who are



you, pray, to ask such a question?" and then that pompous Gander looked at him as much as to say, "You're very inquisitive."

"I'm a traveler," answered Puss, Junior, proudly, "and my name is Puss in Boots, Junior. May I ask who lives here?"

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Well, when he heard who Puss was, the Gander bowed most politely and said:

“Young Mother Goose, when she wishes to fly,
Rides in her air-ship over the sky.
She owns this red house and the woods and the lake,
And she makes taffy candy and bakes ginger cake.

“I am her Gander and always cry, ‘Quack!’
If any one even peeks in through a crack.
I stand by the door or near by on the grass
And never allow anybody to pass.

“She has a boy Bill, a youngster of ten,
Who gets into mischief and then out again.
She sent him to buy her an aeronaut’s hat,
But he bought a live goose that was downy and fat.

“The Goose learned quite quickly to sweep with a broom,
And helps Billy’s mother to clean every room.
And I and the Goose grew friendly at once,
Although she seems often a good-natured dunce.

“And Bill and his mother love us to a feather
And take us along when they go out together.
And sometimes I try, and sometimes the Goose,
To race with the air-ship when Bill turns us loose.

“And often, when flying along at our best,
Some downy white feathers will fall from our breast,
And then all the children out playing below
Think that the clouds are dropping down snow.”

And now, my dear children, if ever you should
Find a little Red House near a lake in the wood,
And see a big gander come hissing toward you,
You’ll know that my Young Mother Goose tale is true!

WHAT THE ROOSTER SAID

LET me see; in the last story we left little Puss, Junior, at Young Mother Goose's house in the woods. Well, after the Gander had told him all the news, Puss trudged along until he came to a large barn-yard, and as soon as the rooster saw our small traveler he commenced to crow:

“Cock-a-doodle do,
The Mare has lost her shoe,
And Mrs. Pig has bought a wig
As all the ladies do.

“She says, ‘I’m now in style!’
With a piggy-wiggy smile,
While all we Barn-yard Folk
Consider her a joke!”

Well, you should have heard the noise after that. Mrs. Pig was furious, and she ran up to the gate where Puss stood and began to tell him what a disagreeable person the rooster was. Now Puss, because he had traveled so much, had grown to be very wise, so instead of laugh-

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ing at Mrs. Pig, who really felt dreadfully embarrassed, he said, with a grin:



“Oh, never, never mind,
Mrs. Pig, if they’re unkind.
Why shouldn’t you, my dear,
Wear a curl behind each ear?”

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“Mrs. Hen will wear a comb
Wherever she may roam;
Though it’s funny, I declare,
When she hasn’t any hair!

“Mr. Horse will answer neigh
When you offer him some hay!
So it doesn’t seem so queer
You should want a wig, my dear.

“Looks to me as though the joke
Was on the other Barn-yard Folk!”

“Do you really think so?” said Mrs. Pig in a relieved tone of voice, while all the Barn-yard Folk looked extremely uncomfortable.

Then Puss turned to them and said: “If I were you I would not make fun of Mrs. Pig, for she is not the only Pig in *Mother Goose* who wanted a wig. I remember upon my way to Bonner I met a Pig without a wig, upon my word and honor. But I must be going. Good-by!” and Puss, Junior, bowed and continued his way along Motor Goose Road until something happened, but what it was I shall have to wait until the next story to tell you.

THE HAT HOUSE

“**E**VERYTHING seems so strange,” said Puss to himself as he trudged along Motor Goose Road. “I declare, I can’t find Old Mother Goose’s house anywhere. I remember so well the little owl who marched up and down like a sentinel.”

You see, Puss, Junior, didn’t know that he was now in New Mother Goose Land, where automobiles and airships were just as common as were wagons and balloons in the old days. Ah me! How time flies!

Well, as I was saying, little Puss marched along and by and by he came to a pretty lake by the side of which was a very strange-looking house. It was almost as strange as the Shoe House where lived the old woman who had so many children she didn’t know what to do. And as Puss looked more closely he saw it was a Hat House. And just then the parrot who was in a cage outside the door began to sing this funny song:

“There was an old woman who lived in a hat,
She had a bulldog and a fat tabby-cat;
She gave them some broth and a piece of rye bread,
And patted them both and sent them to bed.”

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And just as the parrot finished, who should come out of the hat but the old woman herself, and when she saw Puss she said, "Puss in Boots, Junior, as sure as I'm a foot high!"



"You are right, ma'am," he said, bowing low. "And have you put your two pets to bed?"

"Yes, I have," she answered. And just then a bark was heard from one of the upper windows and there stood the bulldog with his nightcap on.

"Helloa, Mr. Bulldog," said Puss. And all of a sudden at another window appeared the fat tabby-cat, who waved her paw and said:

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“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Here’s a cat who’s traveled far.”

This, of course, made Puss, Junior, feel very proud, and when the old woman said she would let her two pets come down for a while, as it wasn’t often that they had so famous a visitor, why, of course, he felt prouder than ever.

But he couldn’t stay very long, for it was near the end of the day, and he knew that he must find a place to rest for the night, and as the Hat House was only large enough for the old woman and her two pets, he presently bade them good-bye and continued his journey of adventure.

There was a very pretty path on the edge of the lake, and so, instead of returning to Motor Goose Road, Puss went this way, and by and by, just as the first evening star appeared in the sky and the shadows began to creep out of the woods, he came to a pretty cottage on a hill, where the breezes never stood still, but blew the red roses that grew by the gate to and fro, to and fro, from early till late. And then he heard a voice singing a sweet little song, but what it was you must wait to hear in the next story.

PINKY-TOE SONG

WELL, the pretty song which I told you in the last story, Puss, Junior, heard as he stood outside the cottage on the hill, was this:

“You’ve five little toes on your left foot,
You’ve five little toes on your right;
Two of those tootsies are bigger
And two of them smaller quite.
And why should I not love pinky,
And why shouldn’t pinky love me,
Oh, why should I not love pinky,
As well as any bodie?”

Then Puss, Junior, peeked into the window and saw a pretty lady rocking her little boy to sleep. His feet were bare, and she played with his toes. One, two, out of the shoe! Three, four, off of the floor! One more, Mr. Big Toe, he’s the father of all, you know!

But the little boy didn’t want to go to sleep. He would close his eyes and then open them, and all of a sudden he saw Puss looking in through the window, and after that of course he wouldn’t even lie still. So his mother opened

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the door and invited Puss in and he and the baby had a roly-poly time on the floor until the baby pulled off one of Puss, Junior's, boots, so



his mother picked him up and put him back in the crib.

Then Puss cuddled up on a cushion and went to sleep, and when he woke up it was morning,

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but the baby wasn't awake. So Puss tiptoed out of the room and into the kitchen, where he had a fine breakfast, and after that he said good-by and started off again, and after a while he came to a little brook where a duck was turning somersaults to catch the little fish that darted here and there.

"Oh, Mr. Duck, won't you take me over the water, for I can't jump across and I don't want to swim!" So the duck came up close to the bank and Puss, Junior, sat on her back and she swam across with him.

"Here's a penny for you," and Puss handed her a bright penny, which she took in her bill and then tucked away in a little pocket in her apron. "Can you tell me where Old Mother Goose's house is?" he asked.

"I can tell you where Young Mother Goose lives," she replied. "It's over yonder in the woods."

"Oh, I know that," said Puss, "for I passed it on my journey. In fact, I made a call. But I want to find dear Old Mother Goose."

"Sorry I don't know," said the Duck, swimming away and waving her tail back and forth.

Then Puss whistled a tune to keep up his spirits and went upon his way, but he didn't find Old Mother Goose, for he was still in New Mother Goose Land, although he didn't know it.

YOUNG MOTHER HUBBARD

WELL, as Puss in Boots, Junior, traveled along he came to a pretty cottage. And do you know, it was where Young Mother Hubbard lived. There were lovely roses climbing all over the front porch, and a row of sunflowers along the back fence, and a little gold weather-cock on the summer-house, and a nice dog-kennel near the kitchen door, and a little automobile standing by the front gate, and just as Puss looked in through the front window

Young Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard,
But wouldn't give doggie a bone.
She said, "You must wait till I get you a plate
Of vanilla ice-cream in a cone!"

But Towser said, "Bow!"
And Towser said, "Wow!"
Your ice-cream I really can't take!
I'm a hearty canine; with a hunger like mine
I much prefer porterhouse steak!"

So Young Mother Hubbard
Then shut up her cupboard
And put on her dress of pale blue.
"Come, doggie, let's go to a nice 'movie show,'
That's something I know will please you!"

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“Ha, ha!” said Puss, Junior. “So they are going to a moving-picture show. I guess I’ll



jump in the automobile and hide so they won't see me when they come out." He had no sooner done this than out ran little Mother Hubbard

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and jumped into the automobile and started off,
Towser running along and barking with delight.

But, alas! and a-day!
When they'd gone but half-way
Her doggie went chasing a cat,
While the poor little maid was greatly dismayed,
Not knowing just where she was at.

'Twas not very long,
Cause he knew he was wrong,
That Towser turned round on his track;
"You naughty bad dear!" and she patted his ear—
But pussy-cat never came back!

And then Puss, Junior, stood up in the automobile and showed himself for the first time. And what do you suppose Young Mother Hubbard did? Why, she laughed and said: "You shall go automobiling with me, Mr. Puss. You and your red-topped boots and your sword!" And Towser barked and barked, but Puss didn't care, for he was sitting on the front seat with Miss Hubbard, enjoying himself, for, would you believe it, this was the first time he had ever been automobiling!

PUSS GOES SAILING IN AN AIR-SHIP

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing in the sky,
And past the clouds of silver white
It went a-racing by.

Its wings were made of purple silk
As shimmery as could be,
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.

There were chocolates in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
And round the big propeller spun
Just like a wheel of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
Were doves of milky white;
The captain was a downy goose
With feathers snowy bright.

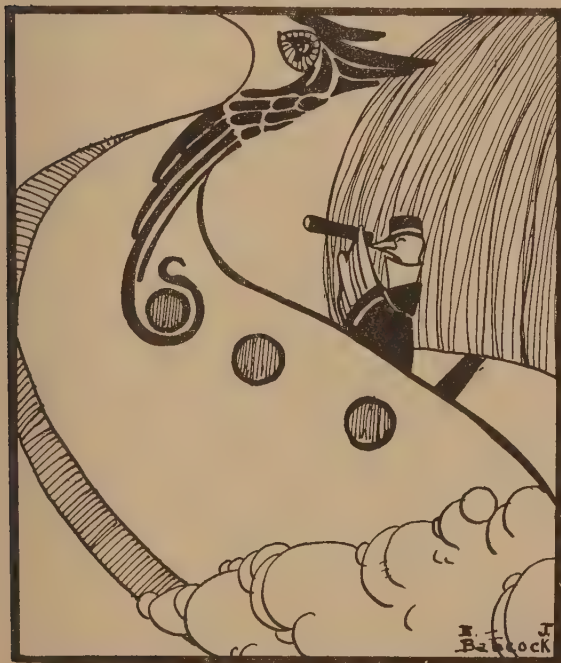
And when the air-ship came about
Upon the sea of blue,
The four-and-twenty little doves
Began to softly coo.

And then the air-ship descended, much to the
delight of Puss, Junior, who, as I told in the last

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story, was now traveling in New Mother Goose Land.

"Ahoy there, Sir Cat!" and Captain Downy



Goose leaned over the rail of his air-ship. "Would you like to sail the sky-blue sea with me?" And you don't suppose for a minute that Puss, Junior, said no! Well, in he jumped, red-

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topped boots and all, and in a little while they were flying over the tree-tops. The little dove sailors trimmed the sails and scrubbed the decks, and every now and then went down into the hold and brought up chocolates and apples. And the captain's wife and baby ate the chocolates, and Puss, Junior, and Captain Downy Goose ate the apples!

"This is the first time I've ever been in an air-ship," laughed Puss, turning to the captain, whose bill was just biting off a big piece of apple so that he couldn't reply for a few minutes. So Puss didn't wait, but went on to say, "I've been up in a balloon and with the old lady who rode on a broom to sweep the cobwebs off the sky."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the captain, who had by this time eaten the apple. "And did you like it?"

"Well, not as much as I did riding with Old Mother Goose on her Gander," said Puss. "Do you know, I've been trying to find her little house in the woods, but I've made a mistake, somehow. I'm in New Mother Goose Land, but I don't see how I got here."

"Don't let that worry you," replied the Goose.

And what they did after that I'll tell you in the next story.

THE SILVERY VOICE IN THE SKY

DO you remember how in the last story Puss, Junior, went air-ship-riding with the goose captain and the four and twenty sailor doves? Well, they went on and on until nightfall, when up in the sky came the beautiful silver Moon. But how different it looked, thought Puss, Junior. Not a bit like the Moon in Old Mother Goose Land with the good-natured Moon Man leaning out of his little window. And then our little hero stood up on his tiptoes in his pretty red-topped boots and said this little poem. And isn't it strange that he should have said just the kind of poetry that belonged to New Mother Goose Land?

“Glitter, glitter, Silver Moon,
In the sky a big balloon!
Tell me where you are all day,
Where's the place you hide away?”

“It is easy for the Sun,
When the Day his race has run,
In the shadows of the Night
To conceal his golden light.

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"But to me it does seem queer
How you hide when all is clear!
There's no closets I can spy
Anywhere up in the sky."

Then a silvery voice replied, and it sounded strangely like the Man in the Moon's voice, but Puss wasn't quite sure:



"Some day I will tell you, little Puss, Junior. Perhaps when you have been in New Mother Goose Land for a year!" and then the only sound to be heard was the tinkle of the stars and the whir of the air-ship's propeller.

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"You had better come into the cabin," said the captain's wife, "for the dew will be falling soon and you will get damp." So Puss followed her inside where it was warm and cozy.

You remember, of course, that the captain's wife was a goose and that the captain was a gander, and the four-and-twenty sailors were little white doves. Well, after supper the doves sang such a soft little lullaby that the captain's wife cuddled up her baby gosling and went sound to sleep. And pretty soon Puss felt his eyelids drooping, and before long he was in the land of dreams, and he thought he had wings and was flying through the air by the side of Goosey, Goosey Gander. By and by he came to the castle of my Lord of Carabas, where his father, the famous Puss in Boots, was Seneschal. And he flew into the window and sat on the foot of the bed. But at first he was afraid to waken his old father, so he sat there wondering what to do. And after a little while he took the feather off his cap and tickled his father's nose very softly and then the old gentleman cat opened his eyes. "My dear son! Have you come home at last?"

And then all of a sudden Puss, Junior, awoke to find that he had fallen asleep in the air-ship.

A DAY IN PORT

“WELL, I declare,” exclaimed Captain Downy Goose, as little Puss, Junior, appeared on deck the next morning, “you’re up bright and early!” And why shouldn’t Puss be up, I should like to know, when you remember in the last story he went to bed at the same time the captain’s wife put the baby to sleep, and that was pretty early, although the time in New Mother Goose Land is not quite the same as it is in our country.

Well, just then, as Puss looked over the side of the air-ship, he saw the Sun rising in the east, and then, all of a sudden,

The Man in the Sun looked out of the Sun,
Looked out of the Sun and said,
“’Tis time for all children upon the earth
To be tumbling out of bed!”

And as the air-ship was now skimming along rather near the tops of the houses, Puss could see into the bedroom windows, and many a little girl and boy who got out of bed that morning heard a whirring noise overhead, and some, who

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had very sharp ears, heard Puss purring away, too, for he felt very comfy and contented after his good night's sleep!



Then, by and by, when everybody was awake, and the milkmaids were milking the cows, and the sowers were sowing the seeds, and the farm-

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ers were making the hay, and Little Boy Blue was doing something, but I can't tell you what just now, for this is New Mother Goose Land, you remember, and I don't really know myself what he is going to do, the air-ship drifted slowly down to the earth and Captain Downy Goose and his four-and-twenty sailor doves got out and walked about on the green grass.

"Every sailor needs a day in port," he said, as he helped his wife and the baby down the gang-plank. Puss, Junior, had already jumped out and was eating some catnip which grew close by.

"Although I do wear boots and carry a sword, Captain," he said, "I still am extremely fond of catnip. I'm still a good cat," and then he climbed up a tree, boots and all, and sat on a limb just overhead, much to the dismay of a little robin who had a nest there.

"He won't hurt you, Mrs. Robin," cried Captain Downy Goose. "He never touched one of my sailor doves!"

"And he played with my baby gosling so gently," said the captain's wife. Then the little robin stopped chirping and quietly sat on her nest.

"In Old Mother Goose Land," said Puss, "I knew Robin-Redbreast even before he married Jenny Wren. And I was at the wedding with some friends of mine and we gave them a gold ring."

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The four-and-twenty sailor doves were fluttering about the meadow, picking up worms and little seeds, for the food you have on shipboard gets very tiresome, you know. Then by and by the captain said it was time to leave, but in the next story you shall hear what they did after that.

THE PRETTY DRESSMAKER

YOU remember in the last story, just at the end, you know, Captain Downy Goose said, "All aboard!" Well, the four-and-twenty sailor doves fluttered to their places, and Mrs. Goose and baby gosling scrambled aboard, too, but Puss, Junior, remained on the meadow.

"Aren't you coming along?" asked Captain Goose.

"I must travel now on my good two hind feet," answered Puss, with a grin, "but I thank you for a pleasant voyage and wish you a safe return." Then off went the air-ship and was soon lost to sight.

So Puss turned his steps onward, and pretty soon he came across a pretty maid. At first he thought she was the milkmaid he had met in Old Mother Goose Land, but he saw he was mistaken, for the next minute a man in an automobile drove up and said:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Over the hills, kind sir," she said.

"Over the hills and far away,

I'm seeking my fortune, sir, to-day."

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"What can you do, my pretty maid?"

"Sing a song, kind sir," she said.

"Sing and sew, and sew and sing,
I'm to make money at dressmaking!"



"Over the hills the city lies,
Over the hills to the western skies;

"There will I find my fortune, sir,
Making a coat and a muff of fur!"

"Come, my pretty maid, come with me
To yonder church with the tall belfry.

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"Call the parson to marry us there,
Here is my auto to carry us there."

"Thank you, kind sir," said the maiden pretty,
"I'd rather go dressmaking in the city!"

Then the poor man drove off in his machine, looking very unhappy.

"Why didn't you marry him?" asked Puss, Junior, looking up into her face.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the Pretty Maid. "One doesn't marry everybody who asks one. Besides, I want to go to the city and make my fortune."

"Come on, then," cried Puss. "I will show you the way, for I have been to London Town and have traveled much. My trusty sword and I will protect you." The Pretty Maid dimpled and smiled and then she took Puss, Junior's, arm and away they went with a hop, skip, and jump down the road.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

CANDY TOWN FERRY

“SEE-SAW, sacradown,
Which is the way to Candy Town?
First the Choo-choo and then the ferry,
And then the trolley for little Jerry.”

“But my name isn’t Jerry,” exclaimed Puss in Boots, Junior, while the Pretty Maid, who I told you in the last story was on her way to town to learn the dressmaking trade, turned up her little nose in disgust at the man who had called Puss this name, and said:

“I don’t believe he has given us the right directions, my dear Puss, for a man who calls you ‘Jerry’ shows his ignorance. He should know that you are the son of the famous Puss in Boots.”

“What’s that? What’s that?” inquired the man.

“Oh, never mind,” said the Pretty Maid. “We must be on our way,” and with these words she and Puss, Junior, turned aside and set out once more on their journey to town. But after they had gone a long distance they became hungry,

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as all travelers do, and as there was no house in sight they sat themselves down on the stone



fence by the road and looked about them. A gentle-looking cow was eating grass close by, and when the Pretty Maid said, "Come, Bossy," she walked up to the fence and stood there looking first at Puss and then at the Pretty Maid.

"If I only had a pail I'd milk her," said the Pretty Maid, for

"When I was younger I loved to milk,
Though now I love to sew on silk."

Just then the bright eyes of Puss, Junior, discovered a pail hidden in the bushes, and before long it was half full of milk, for the Pretty Maid was a farmer's daughter, you know. Well, after she and Puss, Junior, had drunk all they wanted, they again set out on their journey and by and by they came across a baker-man in his wagon.

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And he was very kind and asked them to get in and take a ride, but he didn't ask them to help themselves to the nice pies and cakes! Wasn't that too bad? Well, it wasn't so bad, after all, for Puss, Junior, took out his purse and paid the man for all the pies he and the Pretty Maid ate, and I'm ashamed to tell you how many for fear you'll go and do the same, and then your mother won't read the next story, which is going to be very interesting, if something doesn't happen pretty soon in this.

Well, after a while they came to a ferry and the baker-man said it went to Candy Town, which was the very place where the Pretty Maid wanted to go. And of course Puss, Junior, liked the name of the town, and so he went along, too. And it was very nice, for the baker-man drove his wagon onto the boat and they went over as nice as you please.

And in the next story you shall hear all about their adventures in Candy Town.

THE LITTLE BLUE CHAUFFEUR

LET me see. In the last story we left little Puss, Junior, and the Pretty Maid in the baker-man's wagon on board the ferry-boat. Well, as soon as they reached Candy Town the Pretty Maid went to her dressmaking store, and after she had thanked Puss, Junior, for his kindness in bringing her safely to town she gave him a hug, and then they parted, she to make dresses and bonnets, you know, and Puss to seek his fortune.

And just then he heard a little bird in a cage singing:

“Little Blue Chauffeur, come blow your horn,
The streets are so crowded from early dawn.
Where's the policeman upon his beat?
There he is watching you on the street.
Go slowly, go slowly, or surely the Cop,
My little Blue Chauffeur, your auto will stop.”

Puss, Junior, looked around and there sat a little boy in his toy automobile, and the little bird in the cage whistled just like a policeman's

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

whistle, loud and shrill, and then swung back and forth on her swing as merrily as could be.

"She's my bird," cried the little boy, looking at Puss, Junior, with admiration, and especially at his red-topped boots. "Would you like to



ride in my automobile?" Of course Puss did, and pretty soon he was riding up and down as nice as you please.

After a little while Puss, Junior, got out and thanked the little boy, and then he went on his way, for he was a restless cat, as you have learned, and he couldn't stay very long in one

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place. He was a traveler and fond of new faces and new places.

Well, by and by it grew dark and he had to look about him for a place to sleep, for there were no houses in sight; nothing but a long, dreary road in front of him and woods and fields on either side.

"Heigh-ho! this isn't very nice!" he cried, as he entered the woods. "I guess I'll climb up into this tree. It 'll be safer up there than down on the ground!" So he took off his boots and held them in his teeth and climbed up the tree, but just as he reached the first limb an old owl poked his head out of a hole and said:

"Who is that?"

"Puss in Boots, Junior." And then Puss drew his sword, for he didn't know whether the old owl meant to harm him or not.

"Put up your sword," said the old bird, "I'll not harm you. For I know your father, the famous Puss in Boots, who is Seneschal to my Lord of Carabas. Many a night have I hooted about the castle and helped your daddy catch mice, for there were lots of those pesky little animals in the old castle. Come inside my house and sleep for the night."

And Puss accepted the old owl's kind invitation, and in the next story you shall hear what he did when he woke up.

THE LITTLE DAPPLE MOTOR-CAR

YOU must remember that Puss, Junior, is still traveling in New Mother Goose Land and that is the reason why air-ships and automobiles, and, goodness knows, perhaps submarines, are taking the place of old-fashioned wagons and balloons.

Well, one fine morning, as he was trudging along Motor Goose Road, he came to a neat little garage outside of which a small boy stood looking very sad indeed.

"What is the matter?" asked Puss, stopping to wipe the dust from his red-topped boots.

"Oh dear!" replied the boy,

"I had a little motor-car,
And it was dapple gray;
For eyes it had two lamps of brass
To see along the way.

"I lent it to a lady
To ride about the town;
She ran into a motor-bus
And broke my auto down.

"She smashed the pretty lamps of brass,
And punctured every tire.
I would not lend my auto now
For any lady's hire."

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

"That's too bad," said little Puss, Junior. "I'm very sorry. I once met a little boy who had a dapple-gray pony and the same thing happened when he lent it to a lady. She whipped him and lashed him and rode through the mire.



and the little boy never let anybody ride his pony again."

And then Puss, Junior, said good-bye and went upon his way, and by and by he came to a high mountain on the top of which stood a stately castle. "Let me see," he said to himself. "Shall

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I climb up to the castle or shall I keep to Motor Goose Road?" But, being a venturesome little cat, he decided to visit the castle. "For who knows," he thought, "but what a wicked giant may live there, and I haven't seen a giant since I climbed up the beanstalk."

So up he went and by and by he came to the castle wall, where he knocked loudly. But no one opened the gate, although he finally beat upon it with the hilt of his sword.

"Perhaps a Sleeping Beauty is dreaming in the palace chamber," he said, and then he looked about for a way to enter, for he was determined to gain an entrance. So he took off his boots and climbed over the wall which surrounded the courtyard. It was deserted, so he pushed open the castle doors and entered. I think this was very brave in him, all alone with nothing but his trusty sword to depend upon. But as soon as he entered the great hall a little mouse ran up to him and said:

"Come with me, for the Princess is asleep."

And in the next story I will tell you what Puss, Junior, did.

WAKING THE PRINCESS

PERHAPS you will think it very strange that in New Mother Goose Land there should be a Sleeping Beauty, but why not? She had been asleep for so long that New Mother Goose Land was discovered by Puss, Junior, before she woke up. And as I was telling you in the last story, he followed the mouse, who led him through the castle, up the velvet stairway, until they came to the room where the beautiful Princess lay asleep.

“My dear mistress will not wake,” said the little mouse, the tears coming to her eyes. She didn’t seem to be the least afraid of Puss, Junior, which is rather strange, isn’t it? But perhaps she felt he was different from ordinary cats, and of course she was right in this.

Puss, Junior, then took his sword from the scabbard and held it up so that the sunbeams through the window made it flash and glitter. Then he said, in a soft voice:

“Princess, by my trusty sword
I will break the charm.
You shall waken from your dreams
And be safe from harm.”

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And he waved his glittering weapon once, twice, and thrice, and, low and behold! the lovely Princess opened her eyes and smiled. And then Puss, Junior, knelt down and kissed



her hand in a gallant way, while she patted him on the head and said:

“You have broken the spell under which I have lain asleep all these lovely days. You shall be Seneschal in my castle, for I am sure you must be Puss in Boots, Junior, for I have met

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Puss in Boots, Seneschal to my Lord of Carabas, and you are the very image of that famous cat."

And after that the beautiful Princess arose and rang a little bell, and all her retainers, who had also been under the spell, awoke and the castle became as busy as it was before the wicked fairy, whose name I can't remember, cast her spell over them.

"Your Highness," said Puss, Junior, "I am indeed flattered at your kind offer to make me Seneschal to your castle, but I am a traveler, and I have the love of adventure in my heart; therefore I cannot accept your kind offer, but must be on my way, for

"When the winds blow they call me to go
Over the grasses or over the snow.
I must be going where the wind's blowing;
I am a rover forever and O."

Of course the Princess felt very sorry to have Puss, Junior, go, but she saw there was no use in asking him to remain, so she gave orders to the Royal Chef to put up a fine lunch for him, and then our little hero started off again upon his journey of adventure.

JACK AND JILL

AS Jack and Jill went up the hill
Their motor-car broke down.
"Oh dear, oh dear, we greatly fear
We'll never reach the town!"

Then out Jack got and off did trot
As fast as he was able;
"Come, Farmer Cross, lend me a horse
From out your big red stable!"

"All right, my lad, I shall be glad
To let you have my mare;
She'll pull you through, for she's true blue,
And land you safely there!"

And Jill and Jack, when they got home,
Ran up to pat and hug her.
And then with care they fed the mare
A great big lump of sugar.

And this is the way it happened, you see, in
New Mother Goose Land. And of course Puss,
Junior, was there, and the first thing he said
was: "You are not at all like Jack and Jill in
Old Mother Goose. No, not a bit."

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"Why, what were they like?" asked Jill, turning from the mare and patting Puss, Junior, "What was Jill like, my dear?"



"Well, in the first place," answered Puss, "they went up the hill their pail to fill, but half-way down Jack broke his crown. You see, he slipped and fell and the water spattered all over

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me, and my boots were half full, and, oh, dear me! I was a sight!"

And just then the mare looked at Puss and neighed. And would you believe it, she was the same gray mare who carried the farmer's daughter so rosy and fair. "Helloa, my little pussy friend!" she said, and then, of course, Puss had to tell Jack and Jill all about the accident, and how she had fallen down and broken her knees when the raven flew by and frightened her with his dismal croak!

"You are a most amusing little cat," said Jack. "It seems to me you know almost everybody in *Mother Goose*."

"So I do," replied Puss, Junior, "but I must say I am getting surprises every minute now that I'm traveling in New Mother Goose Land. You see, at first I expect everybody to do the same things over again, but they don't!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jack. "My dear Puss, we've just had new plumbing put in and all we have to do now is to turn a little faucet and we get all the water we want. No more trips up the hill to fetch a pail of water for Jill and me!"

"Well, let me take the mare back for you," said Puss, and with this he jumped on her back and set off for Farmer Cross's farm.

And in the next story you shall hear of an accident.

NEW MAN IN THE MOON

IT didn't take Puss, Junior, long to ride the mare back to Farmer Cross's barn, because she was a good roadster and Puss knew how to ride. Farmer Cross was glad to see his mare again, although, of course, he knew that Jack and Jill would return her just as soon as they reached home. I am telling you all this in case you don't remember in the last story how Jack and Jill met with an accident and asked the kind farmer to lend his mare to pull their automobile home for them. And on their arrival home Puss, Junior, happened to meet them, and that is how he came to ride the mare back to her master.

Well, after that, Puss, Junior, set out once more upon his journey of adventure. And after a little while

The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon;
In fact it was only half past noon.

He said, with a sigh,
"Oh dear, what shall I
Do till the Man in the Sun has passed by?"

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

"The Man in the Moon whom I once met," said Puss, looking at the queer person now standing in front of him, "asked his way to Norwich,



and then he went south, and he burnt his mouth by eating cold plum porridge."

"Yes, yes, I know," answered the man, petulantly; "he was a cousin of mine. But you

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must remember that was in Old Mother Goose Land. I come from the New Moon, and this is New Mother Goose Land.” Then

As quick as a wink
He crept into a chink
Of a cloud that was sailing up over the brink

Of a hill in the west
Where the Sun goes to rest
After he's shone all day at his best.

And at length, when the Sun
His journey had run,
The Moon Man his travels had only begun.

So, you see, by this time it was evening and Puss, Junior, was still trudging along Motor Goose Road. And, oh, dear me! he was very tired and dusty, and the road was hard, and on either side there were signs at regular distances, “Keep Off the Grass” and “No Trespassing Allowed,” so that little Puss did not like to leave the broad highway. How he longed for a shady path through the woods! He was just about to sit down and rest when he came to a trolley line.

And in the next story you shall hear how he took his first trolley ride in New Mother Goose Land.

THE TROLLEY-CAR

YOU remember in the last story how tired little Puss, Junior, was when he came to the trolley line. You see, he'd been traveling all day along Motor Goose Road, and it was hard on his feet and his red-topped boots were nearly worn through, and it was supper-time, too, and, and—well, you know how tired you get just about supper-time.

So he stopped at the little covered station-house and waited for a car. And there was a jolly party of boys and girls waiting, too, and while they waited they sang this little song:

“Ride on the trolley to Banburry Cross;
Our auto is busted, we can't get a horse;
Ring up the car fare and turn off the brake,
For we're in a hurry for fear we'll be late.”

And just then along came the trolley-car and everybody jumped on board and away they went, the bell ringing loudly and the conductor singing out: “Fare, please! This car for Banburry Cross!”

Well, Puss, Junior, paid his nickel, or maybe

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ten cents, I don't remember which, and by and by, when it was quite dark, they reached Banbury Cross and everybody got off; so Puss fol-



lowed the crowd up the street where the lights were burning brightly and the shop windows were lighted up to show all the pretty things for sale. And then, all of a sudden, he saw in a

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window a book of *Puss in Boots* with the portrait of his father on the cover. Yes, it was just like the book our little hero had found so long ago up in the garret, and it made him think of the time when he had started out to find his dear father just because he had seen this little book that day on the garret floor. But, oh, wasn't that long ago! He had found his father, but then he wasn't content to stay with him, but must needs go traveling again, and here he was, all alone, in New Mother Goose Land in a strange city.

"Heigh-ho!" said Puss. "It makes me homesick to see that little book." Then he went inside the shop and bought it, and the little old man who stood behind the counter laughed out loud and said:

"Bless my soul! Is this Puss in Boots?"

"Not exactly," replied our small traveler. "You see before you his son, Puss, Junior." At which the little old man was so delighted that he invited Puss to spend the night with him in the little shop, for he had a nice little room in the rear with a small white bed and a stove and a table, and a few things to make it very comfortable. So Puss stayed with him and the next day started out again; but what happened after that you must wait to hear in the next story.

QUEERVILLE

AS I told you in the last story, Puss spent the night with the little old man who kept the book-shop, and early the next morning he helped him dust and fix the books in the window, and then he tucked his own little book of *Puss in Boots* under his arm and set off again on his journey of adventure.

And by and by he saw a strange sight.

There was an old woman went up in a rocket
Seventeen times as high as the sun;
But where she was going nobody could tell,
And under her arm she carried a gun.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," we said,

"Why are you flying so high overhead?"

"I'm going a-shooting stars!" she said,

"When all you people are safe in bed!"

By this time there was a great crowd, for it was a most unusual thing, even in New Mother Goose Land where air-ships and submarines were common as trolley-cars, to see an old woman go up into the sky on a rocket, and it wasn't the Fourth of July, either!

"She's very careful," said Puss, with a grin.

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"Yes, she is, maybe." said a farmer at his elbow, "but if you are an observing young cat you will notice there are very few stars in the



daytime, so she has to wait until night to do her hunting! But I have my opinion of people who go shooting stars. Why don't they shoot ducks?"

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"That's what I say," replied little Puss, Junior; "but what town is this, may I ask?"

The farmer pushed back his big straw hat and said: "Before I tell you its name let me say that it's full of queer and foolish people. You see one already on a rocket up in the sky seventeen times as high as the sun!"

Puss, Junior, became interested. Here was a place full of adventure, so he said, "Pray tell me the name of this town, for I am a bit curious."

"Queerville," answered the farmer, "and it's the queerest place I ever lived in, let me tell you."

"And everybody's queer but me and thee?" laughed Puss, remembering what an old Quaker had once said to him.

Just then the old woman was seen coming down to earth at a rapid rate, and before long she landed quite close to Puss, Junior. "Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed, in an irritated tone of voice, "I left my bullets in my upper bureau drawer, so I had to come all the way back for them. How provoking!" And off she walked toward her house.

And in the next story I will tell you of another strange person who lived in Queerville.

SHOOTING-STARS

YOU remember where Puss, Junior, was in the last story, don't you? Well, in case you have forgotten or didn't read it, I'll tell you. He was in Queerville, New Mother Goose Land, and as soon as the old woman who had just come down from the sky on her rocket walked away the farmer who had been talking to Puss said to him:

"Come with me, for it is getting near supper-time. You are a traveler, I see. My good wife and I will be glad to have you spend the night with us." So Puss accepted the invitation, and after supper he went out for a walk with the farmer, and when they came to the village Puss saw something very, very strange. He was very curious about it, so the farmer said:

"There is a man in our town
And he is wondrous bright,
They use him for a lamp-post
To light the streets at night.

"'Tis very strange, when he is out
He always is most bright—
So very, very different from
The usual kind of light."

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"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed Puss, and then he began to laugh, for it certainly was funny to see that man standing on the street-corner, shining away just like a big electric light in front of a moving-picture show.



"I once knew a queer man. He lived in Bramble-bush Town," said Puss, Junior.

"Oh, you mean the fellow who scratched out both his eyes and then scratched them in again?" said the farmer.

"Yes. He jumped into a bramble-bush," said Puss, with a grin.

"Well, this man you see like a Statue of

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Liberty," laughed the farmer—and he couldn't have been such an awfully old farmer, after all, if he had been to New York and seen the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World—"is first cousin to the Bramble-bush man. Didn't I tell you this place was full of queer people?"

"Well, I've seen lots of things I never dreamed of in Old Mother Goose Land, but since I've been traveling in this country things seem just as strange. In fact, this lamp-post man is about as queer a person as I ever saw."

Then, suddenly, up in the sky they saw the old woman on her rocket. And, oh, dear me! what a lot of shooting-stars there were! If it had been the Fourth of July it couldn't have been any better. There were pink and green, blue and yellow, and every kind of colored star, till Puss exclaimed, "Let's go to bed, for my eyes are very tired!"

And in the next story I'll tell you what he does when he wakes up.

DAPPLE GRAY WAS BALKY

WELL, when Puss woke up the next morning he had his breakfast at the house of the kind farmer who lived near Queerville, as I told you in the last story, and then he started out again on his journey of adventure.

And after some little distance Puss, Junior, came into the town of Queerville, where he was met by a man who asked him:

“Did you see my wife, did you see, did you see,
Did you see my wife looking for me?

She wears a silk hat and a purple cravat
And pantaloons over her knee.”

“No, my good man,” replied our small hero, “I have not, although I have seen some very strange sights since I arrived at Queerville.”

“What, for instance?” asked the man.

“Well, first, the old woman who went up on a rocket, and the man who is so bright that you use him for a street lamp to light your town at night,” replied Puss, Junior, with a grin, “and now you ask me if I have seen your wife with a stovepipe hat and a purple cravat.”

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But before the man could make reply his wife appeared on the scene. But, after all, Puss, Junior, didn't think her costume so strange, for



she was on horseback, and I myself, although I've never been to Queerville, New Mother Goose Land, have seen many a pretty lady with a silk hat and pantaloons riding horseback,

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although I can't be positive about the purple cravats. Well, as soon as Puss, Junior, looked up he knew her to be the lady who had once borrowed the dapple-gray pony from the little boy to ride a mile away. But, of course, that was in Old Mother Goose Land and a long time ago. However, he was anxious to learn what had become of the little dapple pony and his small master, so he lifted his cap and said:

"Pardon me, my lady, but were you ever in Mother Goose Land?"

"Only once, my cute little cat," she replied, with a smile, "and then I had a very hard time riding a little dapple-gray pony, who tried to throw me in the mire, so that I had to whip him and lash him before he would behave."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Puss, Junior, half to himself, "I wonder if she is telling the truth, for the little boy never said his pony was balky. He only told me how the lady had lashed him!" And just then her horse began to dance and the next instant away he went as fast as he could down the street.

"Whoa! whoa!" called the man, but Puss, Junior, didn't wait, for he was tired of the people in Queerville, and wished to see new faces and new places, so off he went, and in the next story we will hear about Johnny and the pussy-cat.

HOT CATNIP TEA

“DING, dong bell,
Pussy isn't well.
Tell me quick the reason why—
Johnny fed her apple pie.

“What a naughty boy was that
To give rich pie to pussy-cat!
I fear just now she will not harm
A mouse in Johnny's father's barn.”

Now, of course, Puss, Junior, was very grieved when he heard this, and he inquired if there wasn't a doctor who would cure poor pussy, but there didn't seem to be any medical man in the neighborhood. You see, nobody had been ill for so long that all the doctors had moved away, and how it happened that pussy-cat grew sick after eating the apple pie is a mystery to me, for the apple pie in all New Mother Goose Land was the most delicious pie I ever ate, and you would agree with me, I am sure. Well, there is no use in talking about it any more, for pussy was certainly very ill, and she looked up at Puss, Junior, with such beseeching eyes that our small hero said he would go for a doctor if

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he had to go a thousand and one miles to get him.

So he looked around for an automobile or an



air-ship, and then, what do you suppose happened? Why, up flew Goosey, Goosey Gander and said:

“Master Puss, Junior, I was so lonely after

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leaving you that I have hunted for you ever since."

"Well, you've come just in time," cried Puss, jumping on the Gander's back. "Now take me as fast as you can to a doctor." And the Gander, who was a well-behaved bird, never asked why, but flew away as fast as he could, and by and by he came to a doctor's house, for the Gander was a wise bird and knew more than people thought he did.

But the doctor was out and his wife didn't know when he'd be back, for he had gone a long ways to see an old man who had the whooping-cough. So she gave Puss a little pill to give to the Ding, Dong Bell pussy. And after that Puss, Junior, climbed up again on the Gander's back, who flew away with him until they came to another doctor, and he happened to be at home, for his little boy was sick with the measles.

"I'm sorry, but I really can't leave," said the doctor, "but I will telephone them what to do." So he called them up on the telephone and told Johnny's father to give the poor pussy-cat some hot catnip tea, and just as soon as she drank it she got perfectly well, although she said when she thought of the pie it made her feel ill again.

Then Puss, Junior, paid the doctor for telephoning and, again mounting his Gander, rode off in search of further adventure.

YANKEE DOODLE UP IN THE AIR

YANKEE DOODLE came to town
On his aeroplane;
He stuck his parachutery up,
In case it should be rainy!

Yankee Doodle, doodle-do,
Air-ship 'stead of pony,
And a noodle, noodle-do
'Stead of macaroni!

And this is the way Yankee Doodle came to town in New Mother Goose Land! At first Puss, Junior, did not remember him, but as soon as he heard his jolly voice saying, "Helloa, there, Puss in Boots, Junior!" our small hero knew who he was.

"Where's that fine pony of yours?" he asked.

Yankee Doodle looked at Puss sadly. "He ran away one rainy day," and Yankee Doodle Dandy sighed, "so I bought this aeroplane and am now a sky-sailor. Want to come along for a sail?"

So Puss, Junior, jumped into the air-ship and away they went through the air as fast as the wind.

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"I can go pretty fast on my Gander," said Puss, "but never as fast as this. I'm glad you asked me out for a sail, for Goosey Gander is not well to-day and is resting up a bit before we go on a long journey."

"Why, where are you going?" asked Yankee Doodle Dandy. "The last time we met you were in search of your famous father."

"I found him at the castle of my Lord of Carabas," said Puss, Junior, "but, after a year do

you know I became restless, and so I set out once more on a journey of adventure—and here I am!"

"Well, you may have some strange adventures up here," said Yankee Doodle Dandy, "for the sky nowadays is like the ocean; it is traversed by strange craft. I only hope it will not become so crowded that we will need traffic policemen to avoid collisions."

And just then, as if his fear were to come true, they almost ran into a strange-looking craft, but they swerved just in time and so there was



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no accident. And after that the strange-looking craft disappeared behind a bank of clouds and was lost to sight.

"These clouds make navigation very dangerous," said Yankee Doodle Dandy, "especially when they are in banks. It's impossible to see behind them, and the first thing you know out comes an air-ship and you are liable to be run over."

"Isn't that beautiful!" suddenly exclaimed Puss, pointing to a rainbow in the distance.

"Yes, that's Rainbow Bridge," said Yankee Doodle Dandy. "It used to be painted many different colors, but now it has only three—the Red, White, and Blue!"

"Hurrah for Uncle Sam's rainbow!" cried Puss, Junior.

And now you will have to wait until the next story to find out what happens after that.

MARY HAD A LITTLE POM

WELL, Puss in Boots, Junior, on his feathered steed Goosey, Goosey Gander, slid down Uncle Sam's rainbow till they came to a school-house. But Mary and her little lamb weren't there, for this was New Mother Goose Land, you know. So Puss and Goosey Gander went along till they came to her house.

Mary had a little Pom,
Its hair was black as jet,
And everywhere that Mary went
She took her little pet.

She put him in the Kennel Show
To win a ribbon blue,
While Mary walked around to give
A social bow or two.

And while she did society
Her doggie pined and cried,
And in a day or two, alas!
Poor little Fido died.

"Dear me!" said little Puss, Junior, as Mary finished telling him her troubles, "you should have stayed in Old Mother Goose Land."

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"But my little lamb grew into a big sheep and I grew up, too, and father moved—and, well, here I am, without any pet at all," said Mary, sadly. "I wish you'd stay, dear Puss, Junior."

"I can't," replied our small hero. "Goosey Gander and I are on the wing, I might say, for we fly above the earth as swiftly as an air-ship," and with these words he mounted the Gander and was off again upon his journey of adventure.

"And now whither shall we go?" asked Goosey, Goosey Gander.

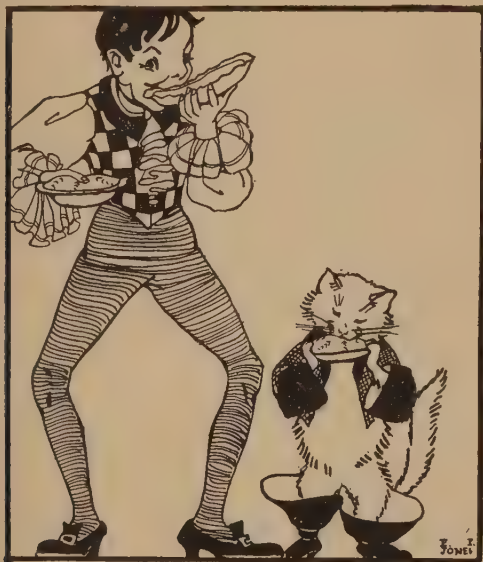
"I do not know," said Puss.

"Let us keep a-going
While the wind is blowing;
Never sad, always glad,
With new hope a-glowing!"

And then, how that Gander did spread his wings and fly! And by and by they came to a green wood, so they came down to earth to rest in the shade and eat their lunch. But when Puss, Junior, opened his lunch-basket there was nothing in it. Wasn't that too bad? You see, he had forgotten to have it filled. Well, there was nothing to do but take a nap, and so they lay down and went to sleep, and Puss, Junior, dreamed about the Pieman going to the fair, and how he had eaten cranberry tarts and drunk lemonade with the country boy named Simple Simon. And he was just going

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to buy another tart when the Pieman said, "Show me first your penny," and while he was fumbling in his pocket he woke up. And of



course the Pieman was gone and he was as hungry as ever, and in the next story I hope he'll get a good lunch, for a traveler must eat to be merry and gay.

LOTS OF THINGS HAPPEN

AS I told you in the last story, when Puss, Junior, woke up he was as hungry as ever, so he said to Goosey, Goosey Gander, "Let us walk a little way through this wood; perhaps we may come across a cottage." Well, by and by they came to a funny little house near a sparkling brook. So they stopped and looked in. And just then a little bird began to sing this New Mother Goose Land verse:

"Six little mice sat down to eat;
Pussy passed by on tiptoe feet;
'What are you doing, my little mice?'
'Eating Johnny's cake, and it tastes real nice!'
'Shall I show you, my dears, how to pull out the plums?'
'No, thank you, Miss Pussy, you might bite off our thumbs!'"

This made Goosey, Goosey Gander laugh, but it didn't make Puss, Junior, even smile. He was now so hungry he didn't know what to do. So he tapped on the window, and when the little mice saw him, would you believe it, they opened the door and said, "Come in, for we know who you are!" So in walked our small

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traveler, and Goosey Gander followed, and pretty soon the six little mice had all sorts of



nice things for them to eat, and after that Puss, Junior, told them a story about the three blind mice whose tails were cut off by the farmer's wife.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“And it was all on account of their eating her nut cake,” added Puss, “and she told me if they would promise not to take another nibble she would give them back their tails. Well, they promised, and then she gave them their three little tails, and you should have seen how delighted they were. For a mouse without a tail doesn’t look like a mouse at all, you know.”

Well, after that. Puss, Junior, said good-by and, taking his seat upon the Gander’s back, flew up into the air and over the tree-tops far away, and by and by they came to a little house on the mountain-side where lived an old bear who was first cousin to the bear who was so fond of Snow-white and Rose-red.

And, as the Gander was wing-weary, they came down to earth and spoke to the bear, who was sitting outside in the sun.

“Welcome to my mountain,” he said. “My cousin has told me about a cat who wore boots and helped him to regain his human form. Alas! I am a prince, also, but no one has yet come to deliver me from the spell.”

At these words Puss touched him with the little gold ring he wore on his big toe, and, would you believe it, the bear became a handsome prince in less time than I can tell it!

POOR MOON!

IN the last story you remember we left off just as Puss, Junior, turned the bear into a handsome prince and the hut into a stately castle, and if any little reader has missed the story before this I will tell him that Puss had a magic gold ring on his big toe which would remove any evil charm. Wasn't that nice? And the prince thought so, too, for if it hadn't been for our little traveler and his gold ring the prince would still be a bear.

Well, after that the prince invited them to stay at the castle, which they did for almost a week; and didn't they have fun! Goosey, Goosey Gander played with the swans on the silver moat, and Puss, Junior, went horseback-riding with the prince every morning, and played checkers with him in the evening, but what he did in the afternoon I don't know, for the prince had a new air-ship, and they went up so high in the sky that I couldn't see, so we will have to wait until you read this little verse of New Mother Goose Land:

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

Hey diddle diddle!

Kerplunk in the middle

The air-ship punctured the moon!

The little dog laughed

Aboard of the craft

While the fiddle kept playing a tune!

And now you know what happened, and so do I. And then Puss, Junior, told the prince



about the cow that jumped over the moon instead of kicking it, like the air-ship. "And the Man in the Moon put his head out of the window and told her to be very careful not to chip off a piece of green cheese," said our little traveler, but the prince only

laughed and said that accidents would happen, and he thought, anyway, the Moon was 'way out of her course.

Well, the next morning Puss and Goosey Gander said good-by and set off once more on their journey of adventure. And everybody who saw them smiled, for indeed it was a queer picture. Puss, Junior, astride of a large gander who flew at times just over the telegraph-poles

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

and the chimneys, unless there was smoke coming out. And in many of the little towns they passed over the children would shout and cry, "There goes a cat with boots and spurs with a gander for his steed!"

Now, after they had flown for many miles and it was toward evening, the Gander settled himself on the roof of a big red barn, and Puss, Junior, slid down the haystack which was against one end and knocked on the door of the little farm-house to ask for something to eat. And the reason the Gander didn't come down was because there was a big dog in the barn-yard. But Puss wasn't afraid, for in New Mother Goose Land everybody is as happy as can be unless he does something wrong, when, of course, he is not. But very few boys and girls do wrong, which makes it a lovely place to live in, and I suppose when you little boys and girls who read this story are grown up you will tell your children just as I am telling you about this New Mother Goose Land which little Puss, Junior, has discovered.

BACK TO THE SAWDUST RING

PUSS, JUNIOR, was once more traveling on foot, for Goosey Gander had decided to make a visit at the red barn where we left him in the last story.

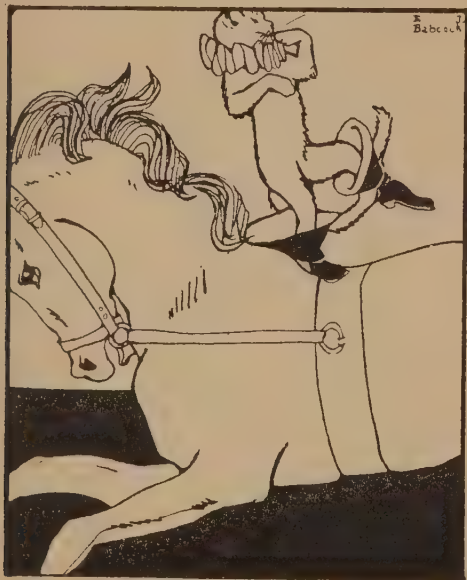
“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Shining from your motor-car.
Once you thought it all the rage
Just to twinkle from a stage,”

sang a parrot from her cage outside the stage entrance of the theater as Puss in Boots, Junior, entered a pretty town. That night there was to be a circus, but how the elephant was ever going to act on the stage is more than I can tell; but let us wait and see, for pretty soon we'll buy tickets, unless little Puss, Junior, sends us half a dozen passes.

And wasn't it lucky? It was the same circus that Puss had once joined, oh, a long, long time ago. And the kind-hearted Clown and the Circus Queen and the big gray horse gave him as many tickets as he could use, so let us go in with him at once and see the show.

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

But wasn't it too bad? Just at the last moment one of the riders sprained his leg and there was nobody to ride the big gray horse. And then the Circus Lady began to cry, for she



had no one to perform with. And when Puss, Junior, saw this he jumped down from his seat and ran behind where the actor folks were all waiting for their turns, and put on a riding-suit with a little silk top-hat, and jumped on the

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

big gray horse and rode round and round the ring, bowing and taking off his hat. And when the lovely Circus Queen saw him she jumped on her beautiful black horse and came into the ring, and all the people cheered and clapped their hands. And let me tell you, Puss, Junior, hadn't forgotten any of his old tricks! He jumped through rings with tissue-paper over them, only first, of course, the ring-master made a little hole in the middle so he could just squint through before he jumped.

And the big gray horse jogged around and around, and pretty soon the Circus Lady jumped from the black horse onto the big gray horse and Puss, Junior, held her on—that is, he made believe, you know, for of course she could ride all right—and then the people all clapped again and said, “Bravo!” which means well done, or something like that.

And when the circus was over, Puss was asked to make a speech, but instead he recited this little poem:

“Oh, I'm in love with the sawdust ring,
And on the trapeze I'd like to swing,
But my big gray horse I'd rather ride,
Than anything else I've ever tried.”

DON'T TELL A LIE

PUSS, JUNIOR, decided to travel awhile with the circus, for he and the Clown had become fast friends. The Clown was a nice sort of chap. He would sit and talk to Puss after the show was over, and on Sundays take long walks with him in the country. One Sunday afternoon he said, "Come and sit by me, my little friend, and I will tell you in rhyme a story about myself when I was a little chap." So Puss, Junior, curled up beside him, and then the Clown began:

"When I was a little boy
I said to myself
I guess I'll eat the bread and cheese
That's on the pantry shelf.

"And then I told my mother
The rats and the mice
Had eaten up her bread and cheese,
Which wasn't very nice.

"And so that evening when I went
To bed I couldn't sleep;
To think that I had told a lie
Just made me weep and weep.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“At last I crept out of my bed
And to my mother went
And told her all about it
In a manner penitent.



IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

“And then, besides, I had a pain,
An awful stomach-ache,
And that, you know, is quite enough
To keep one wide awake.

“And Mother said, ‘Indeed it was
A naughty thing to do;
Of course you could not sleep because
Your conscience troubled you.’

“She kissed me then and tucked me in
Before she went down-stairs;
And for a while I lay awake,
Although I’d said my prayers.

“I couldn’t quite make up my mind—
It kept me still awake—
Which hurt the worst, my conscience
Or my stuffy stomach-ache.

“But I know now which it was,” said the Clown, patting Puss on the head with a tender touch—“it was my conscience; for we can’t do wrong, little friend, without being sorry for it, and some day I hope to go back to my dear old mother and tell her,” and he wiped a tear from his eye and patted Puss again.

THE SILVER-FISH

ONE can't stay with a circus all one's life—that is, if he wants to travel up high mountains and cross rivers and visit castles and dungeons—so Puss, Junior, said good-by to the kind circus people, and to little Tom Thumb, too, for the little fellow was making so much money he wished to stay with the circus until he had a million dollars and then he was going to retire.

So once more Puss, Junior, was traveling alone. But he was used to it, for had he not gone all through Mother Goose Land till he had found his famous father, Puss in Boots, and was he not now seeking adventures in New Mother Goose Land? Well, on he tramped till by and by he came to a village, and as he walked down the main street—

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Of his father's candy-shop.
He held in his thumb, not a sugar-plum,
But a 'licious lollypop!

And when Jack saw Puss, Junior, he almost dropped his candy, for he had never seen a cat

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

with boots and spurs and a sword. But Puss only grinned and said, "Pick up your candy, Little Jack Horner, for candy doesn't grow on trees and you are a lucky boy to have a lollypop to eat."

And with these words Puss, Junior, turned around and went down the street whistling a tune.

And by and by he came to a brook, and just as he jumped across he saw a pretty silver-fish.

"Hello a, there, Silver-fish!" said Puss.

"If I had a hook and line I'd soon catch you," and then Puss grinned at his own reflection in the clear water, and, if the fish hadn't seen Puss on the bank, I guess he would have thought there was a real cat in the brook!

"But you can't drop me a line, Puss, Junior," replied the fish, with a swish of his tail, "and if you did how do you know that I would write



PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

—I mean bite!” I suppose maybe he thought Puss was going to write him a letter! “But I have news for you,” continued the fish. “It was but a fortnight ago when I was swimming in the moat that surrounds the castle of my Lord of Carabas, I had the pleasure of talking with your illustrious father.”

“Oh, tell me, how is he?” asked Puss, anxiously, for he was very, very fond of his famous father, as you know.

“He is enjoying most excellent health,” replied the fish. “Would you like to send him a message? I am returning to the castle moat in a few days.”

“Tell him,” said Puss, Junior—and his voice faltered, for he felt a bit homesick at the thought —“tell him that I am well and shall hope to see him when I have finished my journey in New Mother Goose Land.”

HOME TO THE OLD FARM!

HARK! Hark! the dogs do bark,
Suffragettes are coming to town.
And some will vote to wear a coat,
And some a velvet gown.

“Sakes alive!” exclaimed the farmer, “I must look out! An automobile has just frightened my old gray mare.” And then his daughter so rosy and fair smiled at Puss, and the old gray mare kicked out her heels and began to neigh to frighten the suffragettes away. Now I meant to put these lines in verse form, but my typewriter wouldn’t stop to do it, so you will have to read them over, if they don’t rhyme properly, until you find out just where the rhymes come in.

Well, as soon as the jolly party in the automobile drove away and the parade stopped, the farmer tied the old gray mare to a post, and Puss, Junior, took the daughter so rosy and fair into a candy-shop to buy some sweets.

And then they came back and untied the gray mare, for the farmer had gone into a store to buy some seeds for his farm. Well, pretty



IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

soon it was time to go home. "Come along with us," said the daughter so rosy and fair, and then Puss climbed up behind and the gray mare never complained a bit, although she had a pretty heavy load with the farmer and his daughter and little Puss, Junior.

She just trotted along, and, as no automobile came by and no raven cried "Croak!" she didn't fall down and break her crown—I mean her knee. I must have been thinking of Jack and Jill when I said that, I guess—and by and by they reached the farm. And oh, my! it was a pretty place.

Daffodils grew in the garden, and sunflowers along the fence, and honeysuckles on the front porch, and morning-glories around the back door. And you know what a dear, old, comfortable farm looks like, don't you? It's a lovely place to come home to at night when the sun is going down beyond the western hills and the first faint evening star is coming up over the damp meadows and all the air is still except for a twitter here and there from the trees or a distant crow of some barn-yard rooster who is saying good night to the friendly sun.

And now, little children, good night, for in the next story it will be morning and Puss, Junior, will be getting out of bed.

PUSS HAS A NARROW ESCAPE

WHEN Puss in Boots, Junior, awoke the next morning he was surprised to find himself at the old farm-house, but you needn't be, for in the last story we left him there with the farmer and daughter so rosy and fair. Well, as soon as he dressed himself he ran down-stairs and out into the barn-yard, and there he found the farmer already up and feeding the chickens. And the first thing he said to Puss was:

“Cackle, cackle, yellow hen!
She's laid an egg outside the pen.
She has a new nest somewhere now.
Perhaps it's up in the big haymow.”

“Perhaps it is,” said Puss, and he ran up the ladder in the barn to the loft, which was full of hay. And by and by he came across the yellow hen's nest, and it had eleven white eggs in it, too. So Puss put them in his hat and climbed down carefully and handed them to the farmer. But you should have heard that yellow hen cackle! She was as mad as mad could be, for she was going to hatch those eggs into pretty

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

little yellow chickens, or maybe into little black chicks.

“That’s too bad,” said Puss. “Let’s put the eggs back!”

“No, you’d better take the pitchfork and



spread the straw in the gray mare’s stall,” said the farmer. But when this was done little, kind-hearted Puss, Junior, placed the eggs in the nest again, and the yellow hen was so pleased that she crowed like a rooster. And this woke up the farmer’s daughter so rosy and fair, and

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

pretty soon she came down-stairs and ran out to pick some daffy-down-dillies. And then breakfast was ready, and after that Puss said good-by and continued his journey through New Mother Goose Land.

Well, after he had walked for many miles he came to a wood where he sat down to eat the lunch which the farmer's wife had put up for him. And then he fell asleep and had a lovely dream. And he dreamed about all the pleasant comrades who had traveled with him—his Good Gray Horse, Little Tom Thumb, the Circus Clown, Goosey, Goosey Gander, and others whom I forget for a moment. But perhaps you will remember them. And while he was dreaming, who should walk up but his good gray steed. And when he saw his little master fast asleep he stood very still, and then he tiptoed off a little way to eat some tender grass until Puss should open his eyes. And I guess maybe he would have slept all the afternoon if the Good Gray Horse hadn't seen a wolf sneaking through the trees, when he gave a loud neigh and ran up to his small master. And Puss woke up with a start and pulled out his sword.

"Keep it in your hand, little master," said the Horse, "for you may need it any minute!"

And in the next story you shall hear whether Puss has use for his sword or not.

KING COAL AND KING CINDER

YOU remember in the last story how the Good Gray Horse woke up Puss, Junior, just as the wicked wolf was sneaking through the trees. Well, as soon as Puss had drawn his sword he said to his former steed, "You have done me a good turn, my four-footed friend. I see the wolf yonder, but he dares not come near for fear I will thrust my sword through him!"

"Get on my back, little master, and I will carry you wherever you wish to go," cried the Good Gray Horse.

So Puss, Junior, jumped on his back and rode off, but the wicked wolf did not follow, for he was afraid. And after a while the Good Gray Horse halted before a stately castle. So Puss, Junior, knocked loudly on the postern gate with the hilt of his sword and pretty soon a retainer appeared and inquired what they wished.

"My good man," said Puss, Junior, "we are travelers, my Good Gray Horse and I, and as the day is far spent and the night is at hand, we seek a night's lodging."

"Come in, then, and welcome," said the re-

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

tainer, "for my master never turns away a traveler, although thus far we have never been honored by a cat in boots!" Then he swung wide the great gates and Puss, Junior, on his



Good Gray Horse rode proudly in with his trusty sword grasped in his right paw. Then several men-in-waiting came forward and led his steed to the royal stables, while others escorted Puss into the castle. Then, all of a sudden, several voices began singing this song:

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

“Old King Coal
Is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is he;
He burns in the grate
From early till late,
And crackles away merrily.

“He weighs quite a ton,
You can poke him in fun,
And he'll laugh and burn brightly in glee.
But my! how he'll pout
If you let him go out—
What a chilly old Cinder he'll be!”

And just as the song ended in came King Coal and King Cinder. They were brothers, you know, but as different as could be. King Coal was fat and jolly, but King Cinder was gray and thin and never smiled. Oh, never, not even a snicker when the court jester made a joke or told a funny story. He was always so put out at everything.

“Welcome, Sir Cat,” cried King Coal. “Come, amuse us with a tale of your travels.”

So Puss, Junior, sat down and began telling a story which you shall hear to-morrow, for I have no more room to tell it to you now.

THE TALE OF SIR LAUNCELOT

“**L**ET me think a moment,” said Puss, Junior, to King Coal and his brother, old King Cinder, who, you remember, in the last story had just asked our little traveler to tell them one of his adventures. “I must run over in my mind what would best suit your royal ears.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed merry King Coal. “Give us a tale of warlike deeds. Excitement, my good Sir Cat!” But crusty old King Cinder never said a word. He was a chilly old man, not at all like his brother.

“I will tell you of my meeting with the noble Sir Launcelot of the Lake,” resumed Puss, Junior. “One day, as I was walking through a wood, I met a knight all dressed in armor bright. And after talking with him I found that he once knew my father, the famous Puss in Boots, now Seneschal to my Lord of Carabas. And then, to my delight, this noble knight asked me to accompany him, for, said he, ‘Perchance we may come upon an adventure, you and I, little comrade in boots!’ So I climbed up behind

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him on his war-horse, and together we rode forth until we came to a bridge that spanned a river on the opposite shore of which stood a castle. But when we attempted to cross, the keeper of the bridge lay hold of our horse's bridle and would



have detained us had I not beat him upon the hand with the flat of my sword."

At this point in the story King Coal clapped his broad hand upon his leg and cried, "Bravely done, my good Sir Cat!" But old King Cinder never said a word. My! but he was a crusty old king!

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“Well, after a little,” continued Puss, Junior, “we came to the castle, and the knights and ladies-in-waiting did make much fun of my knight for having so strange a comrade as a cat in boots. But on learning he was Sir Launcelot and that I was the son of the famous Puss in Boots, their laughter stopped and we were invited to stay at the castle. Now the lord of this castle was a very wicked lord and in the middle of the night he stole into our room and would have killed the noble Sir Launcelot had I not been awake. It was, indeed, lucky that I heard a noise at our chamber door, and that I stood beside it just as the wicked lord crept in, for had I not wounded him in the arm with my sword he might have harmed my knight ere he could grasp his own weapon to defend himself.”

“Bravo!” cried King Coal, as Puss finished. “You have told me a good tale, and now we shall have a good dinner. Eh, brother?” and he nudged his crusty brother in the ribs until he coughed. But old King Cinder never, never said a word, he was such a crusty old king.

After dinner Puss was entertained by the court jester and the next morning resumed his journey of adventure on his Good Gray Horse, and what happened later I will tell you in the next story, if you will promise never to be like crusty old King Cinder.

THE FOOLISH MILLER

ONE cold morning, as Puss, Junior, was riding on his Good Gray Horse, he came to a river on the banks of which stood a mill. But the mill-wheel was quiet, for the river was frozen over. Now Puss was still traveling in New Mother Goose Land, and as he came near the old mill he heard a voice singing:

“There was a foolish miller once
Went skating on the Dee.
The ice was thin and he fell in—
No fish so wet as he.

And then he sang a doleful song,
For shivery wet was he;
‘Oh dear, oh dear! I greatly fear
I’ll have pneumony-e!’”

“Where are you?” asked Puss, Junior, looking around, for he could see nobody. Then the door opened, and out from the old mill came the miller himself, leaning on a crutch.

“Who calls?” he asked.

“I inquired who sang the song about the foolish miller,” answered Puss, Junior, with a grin.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

"I sang about my foolish self," answered the miller. "Oh, that I could get rid of this rheumatism!" and he made a wry face and gave a groan, "Oough, oough!"

"Rheumatism is harder to lose than a flea,"



said Puss, remembering the miller in Old Mother Goose Land who looked upon his pillow and there he saw a flea, that hopped inside the dusty mill beside the River Dee.

"Ay, that it is," said the miller, "although I've never had a flea, like my brother who lives

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a long ways from here upon the banks of this same river."

"Yes, I have met him," said Puss, "and a mighty pleasant man he was. He had a rat and a mouse for friends, and all day long he ground the corn into meal. And oh yes, on a big willow-tree near by hung the rock-a-by baby upon the tree-top and when the wind blew the cradle did rock."

"Indeed," said the miller, "I wish I had a willow-tree and a rock-a-by baby, for I'm a very lonely man. Nobody grinds his corn at my old mill. It is all taken to town and ground by electricity and I and my old mill are forgotten. Time has changed everything."

"But why did you go skating?" asked Puss, for he could not understand why this old miller should wish to skate.

"I was foolish," replied the old man. "I was anxious to cross to the other side to buy sugar for my coffee. So I started across, and—well, you know the rest. The ice was thin and I fell in."

Then the old miller turned back into his mill. "Come in and rest," he said. So Puss gave his horse a bag of oats and went inside, and in the next story I'll tell you what happened in the old mill.

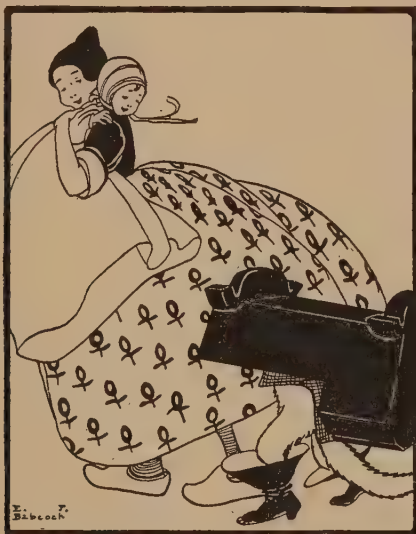
MORE ABOUT ROCK-A-BY BABY

IN the last story, you remember, I told you all about the foolish miller who lived upon the River Dee and who went skating when the ice was thin, and so fell in and got “pneumony-e”! Well, after he invited Puss to come into the old mill, he brought out a chair and asked our little traveler to sit down and tell him more about the rock-a-by baby whose cradle swung on the willow-tree by his brother’s mill in Old Mother Goose Land.

“I might as well begin at the beginning and go right on to the end,” said Puss, crossing one leg and stroking his whiskers like a regular storyteller. “You see, your brother was very busy grinding corn all day, for in the morning the farmers would leave it and then call for it in the evening. So all day long he would have nobody to talk to except, as I told you, his two small friends, the rat and the mouse. And the baby, of course, but it couldn’t talk. It would only coo from the tree-top and he would coo back to it, and then he would go inside the mill and grind his corn. And the little mouse would

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watch him, and so would the rat, but they were the only live things he saw all day. And in the evening the mother of the baby would come up from the town and take down the cradle and



carry cradle and baby to her little house close by. And she would thank the miller so sweetly for feeding her little boy at noontime, and the miller would say: 'Oh, don't mention it! When he grows up I shall let him work for me, and when I die he shall have the old mill,' and then she would smile and sing to her baby boy:

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“Heigh, little baby boy, mother is here;
What has the robin bird sung to you, dear?
Lonely has mother been down in the town,
Sewing a bonnet and stitching a gown.
Softly she sang to herself as the clock
Went ticky-tock, ticky-tock, ticky-tock, tock.
Soon 'twill be time for mother to see
Her baby boy up in the old willow-tree!”

“And then she would kiss him and swing him in her arms, and after that she'd hurry home, leaving the old miller gazing after her until she disappeared at the turn in the road. This is one of my favorite adventures,” and little Puss, Junior, looking into the miller's face, saw that there were tears on his cheeks.

“I think,” said the miller, with a sad smile, “I shall go to see my brother as soon as my rheumatism gets well, for I am lonely here, for no one comes with corn any more. Yes, I will go to see him very soon, for I must see the rock-a-by baby upon the tree-top, and down in the village the tick-tocky clock.”

“Come with me,” said Puss. “You shall ride behind me on my Good Gray Horse.” But the miller answered that he must wait until his rheumatism was cured, so Puss said good-by and rode away.

THE FLY-MAN

OH, but it was a fine morning, as Puss, Junior, on his Good Gray Horse, trotted along Motor Goose Road in New Mother Goose Land. And how crowded was the road! Automobiles were thick as berries in June and Puss had some difficulty in avoiding a collision.

“Deary me!” he said, aloud, “this is terrible! Now in good Old Mother Goose Land one never was bothered like this. One didn’t hear a horn screech on one side and then on the other. Nor did one have to travel through clouds of dust. Oh, dear me!” And I’m sad to say that our little traveler began to grow very discontented.

And the reason for all this crowd was that the County Fair was being held that day, and so, of course, every one was going to it. And so was Puss, Junior. Yes, sir! He was going to see the horse-races and the prize pigs and the mammoth cabbages and the funny side-shows where the skeleton man sits next to the fat woman and the other freaks look as solemn as they can at the curious country folk who buy the tickets.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

And after a little while he met Simple Simon, who was watching an air-ship sailing by, and when the pilot saw Puss, Junior, he brought



his machine down to earth close to Simple Simon.

And just then a little bird began to sing—that same little bird who every once in a while

IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND

sings these New Mother Goose Melodies you read in these stories, and sometime I'm going to tell who the little bird is. Well, anyway, this is the song she sang:

“Simple Simon met a fly-man
Going to the Fair;
Said Simple Simon to the fly-man,
‘Can you fly anywhere?’

“Said the fly-man to Simple Simon,
‘I fly high as the sky!’
Said Simple Simon to the fly-man,
‘My goodness, that is high!

“‘If you should chance to pass the moon,
My good sir, won't you please
Just stop on it and get a bit
For me of nice green cheese?’”

“My dear Simple Simon,” laughed the aeronaut, “the Man in the Moon is only making curds and whey, so I've heard. The Cow That Jumped Over the Moon is with him now, and he makes no more green cheese.”

And after that Puss tied his Good Gray Horse to a tree and crept through a little hole in the fence next to the cage where the dancing bear was kept, and just then something happened, but what it was you must wait to hear in the next story, for there is no more room in this one.

THE MOUSE-CHASE

YOU remember in the last story something was just going to happen. I suppose you thought the trained bear was going to do something dreadful to little Puss, Junior. Well, this is what happened. As the aeronaut flew away in his air-ship, leaving Puss, Junior, and Simple Simon staring up into the sky—

Little Miss Gertie
Sat on her skirty,
Eating ice-cream and pie,
When a little gray mouse
Ran up her pink blouse
And made her jump and cry,

and then the little gray mouse hopped down to the ground and scampered off and Puss went after him. Well, you should have seen that race!

Around and around they went, for they were still at the County Fair, you remember, where we left Puss in the last story, the little mouse squeaking away and Puss, Junior, panting for breath, for he had on his heavy top-boots and he couldn't run very fast.

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Well, just as the little mouse was getting all tired out she dashed into the tent where the fat woman was. But, oh dear me, how the fat woman screamed! She was dreadfully afraid of mice, you know, and she was so fat she couldn't run away, and so she just screamed. And by



the time Puss came into the tent she had almost screamed her head off.

But as soon as she saw Puss she stopped, for she knew the mouse would never stay in her tent with a cat. But she was wrong; but wasn't it lucky she didn't know she was wrong, for then

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she would have kept on screaming, maybe, until I would have to stop her in the next story.

Now what the little mouse did was to hide in an empty candy-box that was on the little table near the fat lady, and so, of course, nobody could find him because nobody thought of eating candy just then, most of all the fat lady, for she knew there wasn't any left.

"I'm sorry, madam," said Puss, Junior, very politely, after searching in vain for the little gray mouse, "that you have been caused so much annoyance." And then the fat lady began to smile, for she was awfully good-natured, you know, and then she picked up Puss, Junior, and placed him on her lap and stroked his fur.

"You're a fine cat," she said. "I wish you would travel with me. I think we could go into the movies and make lots of money. How would you like to see yourself in a moving picture?"

"I never thought about it," replied Puss, with a grin. "But, anyway, just now I must go to my father, the famous Puss in Boots, for he has sent for me. Perhaps some day I may be able to play with you. I've never tried the moving-picture business."

"It's just grand!" said the fat lady.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened to Puss, Junior, on his way to the castle of my Lord of Carabas.

THE LITTLE GOLD RING

“**I** HAD a little rocking-horse,
And he was dapple gray;
He was a gentle horsey
And always loved to play.

“He had two little leather ears,
A mane of silky hair;
Two amber beads were for his eyes—
They were a pretty pair.

“He had a little bridle,
And a leather saddle, too.
And every day we rode away,
Perhaps a mile or two.”

Puss, Junior, looked down at the little boy who had just said all this in rhyme, which I think was very bright of him, don't you? And then Puss asked, “Where is your little rocking-horse?”

But the little boy only shook his head. “I don't know,” he said, at last. “I guess he runned away.”

“Well, we'll go and find him,” said Puss, Junior, kindly, and he helped the little boy to climb up on the Good Gray Horse, and then

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they cantered away, for you know it is much easier to ride a cantering horse than a trotting one.



And by and by they came to a toy-shop, and in the front window was a splendid rocking-horse, and when the little boy saw it he said, "There's my horsey, there's my horsey!" but,

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of course, it wasn't; it was one which looked just like his, you know.

But he wouldn't believe that it wasn't his own little rocking-horse, so kind-hearted Puss, Junior, went inside the shop and bought it.

The little boy was so delighted when Puss gave it to him that he hugged our little traveler almost to pieces, so that Puss had to cry out: "Let go! Let go! You'll squeeze my boots off!"

After that Puss took the little boy home, and when his mother saw what a generous little cat Puss, Junior, was she gave him a little gold ring. And, do you know, he wears it to this day, although he is a very old cat.

But, dear me! I'm getting 'way ahead of my story. I shouldn't say a word now about Puss getting old, for he is only a very young cat; but, then, I let the cat out of the bag, as they say, when you say something you didn't mean to say.

"Well, I must be going now," said Puss, Junior, and he took off his cap and bowed, and then he jumped into the saddle and said gid-ap to the Good Gray Horse, and away they went, the good Gray Horse flinging out his heels and Puss, Junior, waving his cap to the little boy on the front stoop.

And next time you shall hear about more things which happen to Puss, Junior.

A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION

BRIAN O'LIN had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair,
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in.
"My goodness! it tickles!" cried Brian O'Lin.

And then all the sheep began laughing, and so did Puss, Junior, who had reined in his Good Gray Horse to look at Brian O'Lin as he sat on a rock in the sheep-pasture.

"He wears them wrong side out," said an old ram. "Our clothes have the wool on the outside."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Brian O'Lin?" cried Puss. "Do you hear what your learned ram says, sir?"

"I do," replied Mr. O'Lin, "but it's too late now. I can't turn my trousers inside out, can I?"

"I don't know," said Puss, with a grin. "You'll have to ask your tailor. He ought to know."

Then all the sheep began to laugh. "He has no tailor," said the ram. "His old woman made

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the trousers. He'd better ask her." But Brian O'Lin said nothing. You see, his wife ruled him, as some wives do, you know, and I don't believe she would have made over those trousers even if they had tickled Brian to death. And I



guess he knew this, for he didn't say another word, but flicked off the top of a dandelion with his stick and then looked across the field and sighed.

And as he didn't seem anxious to talk any more, Puss said gid-ap to his steed and went

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upon his way, and by and by he came in sight of a windmill whose sails spun merrily around in the morning breeze. The old mill creaked and groaned, and the miller came to the doorway and looked out. And when he saw Puss, Junior, astride of his Good Gray Horse he lifted his dusty cap and said good day.

"The top o' the morning to you," cried Puss, Junior, who felt very happy. He had a cheerful disposition, which is a wonderful gift. You know the fairies always give us something when we are born, and the fairy who gave little Puss, Junior, a happy disposition is the fairy I like the best, and if ever I have a little grandchild I hope this fairy will come in through the window and give him a cheerful disposition.

"Whither are you bound, Sir Cat?" asked the miller, lighting his corn-cob pipe and blowing the smoke into the clear morning air.

"I'm on my way to the castle of my Lord of Carabas," replied our little traveler. "My father, the famous Puss in Boots, is Seneschal to Lord Carabas."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the miller. "I have often heard of your illustrious father. In fact, I have read a book about him."

"So have I," grinned Puss, Junior. "And now I hear they are writing a book about me. I only heard this in Alphabet Town a day or so ago. But as soon as I reach a city I shall try to buy

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a copy, as it would please me to take one to my father. He is very fond of reading.”

And in the next story you shall hear of an adventure which Puss has on the way to the castle.

PETER REFORMS

WELL, Puss, Junior, didn't stay long with the miller, for our little traveler was anxious to see his father, Puss in Boots. So he bade the miller good day and trotted off on his Good Gray Horse, and by and by he came across Peter, the Pumpkin-Eater.

Now you must remember Puss, Junior, was still traveling in New Mother Goose Land, so that if I write you a Mother Goose Melody it will be something different, although something like the Old Mother Goose Rhymes. Well, as he rode along he heard that same little bird, who had so often sung before, singing this song:

“Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
And that's 'cause when he was a boy
He never would his time employ.”

And just then Peter came in sight. He was quite an elderly man, with gray whiskers and kind blue eyes. But oh, dear me! He walked with such a lazy step, and his hands dangled at his sides as if they couldn't take hold of any-

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thing with a good, hard grip, all of which showed that Peter wasn't of much account, you know, and a man who can't provide for his wife is a poor sort of human being, for men must work, although women don't have to weep unless they want to, although the old saying is that they must.



“Good morning, Peter,” cried Puss, Junior, kindly, for our little traveler felt sorry for him. “How’s everything?”

“Very bad, my good Sir Cat,” replied Peter, taking off his hat and rubbing his big hand over his hair. “My good wife is living with her mother, and of course she took the baby with

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her, and I'm lonesome; yes, I'm very lonesome," and Peter rubbed his nose and winked his blue eyes. I think there was a tear in them, but he didn't want Puss, Junior, to see it.

"Why don't you get work?" asked Puss. "The man at the windmill yonder is very busy. He might give you a job."

Well, after a few minutes' talk, Puss turned his horse about and took Peter back to the mill. And in a short time he had persuaded the miller to hire Peter. Wasn't that kind of Puss, Junior?

So all day Peter worked at the mill, grinding the corn and filling the sacks, and that night he went to see his wife and baby, for the miller had told him if he would work well he would let him have a little pumpkin house near the mill.

And Peter's wife was so happy when she heard what Peter had done that she picked the baby up in her arms and followed Peter to the little pumpkin house, and pretty soon she had a fire going in the stove. And while she was doing this, kind, generous little Puss, Junior, went to the grocery-store and bought a lot of things to eat and brought them to her.

And then they all had supper and Puss spent the night in Peter's house.

And in the next story I will tell you what happened after that, if any little boy who is inclined to be lazy will promise his mother to try to grow up to be a useful man.

THE YELLOW BIRD

“**I** WONDER,” sighed little Puss, Junior, to himself, as he trudged merrily along a dusty road in New Mother Goose Land, “how much farther I shall have to go before I find the way to my illustrious father, the famous Puss in Boots?” and our little traveler sighed again as he curled his whiskers and shifted his hat to the back of his head. “Whew! I’m hot!”

“Well, it’s a very warm day,” cried a voice close at hand, and Puss, Junior, turned and saw a small boy with his school-books on his arm.

“A diller, a dollar,
An eight-o’clock scholar,
What makes you come so late?
You used to come at ten o’clock,
But now you come at eight,”

sang a little bird, but who the little bird is I’ll tell you in another story, for I don’t know his name. But I’ll find out, I promise you.

“Helloa, Puss, Junior!” cried the little boy. “I remember you—oh, a long time ago! It was in Old Mother Goose Country, and you came to

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our school-house the day Mary's little lamb made the children laugh and play. Don't you remember how you bound up its tail, which



got caught in the school-house door?" and then he sat down on a stone and undid his book-strap. And then he pulled out a book, and what do you think was the name of it? Why, *Old*

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Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes. And when Puss saw that he sat down beside the little boy to read the dear old *Nursery Rhymes* over again, for he was fond of them, oh, my, yes! Just the way every little boy and girl is, and grown-up folks, too. And the little bird perched himself on the top of the book and sang a little song, and this is the way it went:

“A boy and a cat with a feather in his hat
Sat down by the road to read a book,
And a little yellow bird, whose name you haven’t heard,
Perched himself on the cover so he could have a look.

“Oh, don’t you hear the bell of the school-house in the dell
Ringing out its merry ding, ding, dong?
Little boy, you’d better be a-saying A, B, C,
You must hurry or you’ll disobey my song.”

And then, of course, the little boy jumped up and ran to school as fast as he could, and the little bird smiled, because little birds can, you know—and after that he said good-by to Puss, Junior, who set out to find his dear father, the famous Puss in Boots. He had lost his way in New Mother Goose Land and had been trying ever since to find it again. But please don’t let this worry you, for I shall tell you soon—although I sha’n’t promise to in the next story—how he finds his father in the castle of my Lord of Carabas,

SING A SONG OF COOKIES

AFTER Puss had said good-by to the little yellow bird who sang such a pretty song in the last story, you remember, he traveled on for some time without meeting with an adventure. By and by, toward noon, he came in sight of a little cottage close to the roadside. So he opened the gate in the white picket fence and walked down the path to the kitchen door.

Sing a song of cookies
Ready now to bake,
Four-and-twenty raisins
In a raisin cake.

Molly dear and Polly
Are the little cooks
In their linen pinafores,
Reading cookery-books.

When the cake was ready
They began to sing,
"Isn't this a dainty dish
To set before a king!"

Bridget, in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Ran into the kitchen
On her tippy toes.

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And, of course, she almost stumbled over Puss, Junior. "What are you doing here?" she exclaimed, angrily; but when she noticed his red-top boots and sword she smiled and said:



"Oh, I'm sorry I spoke the way I did. Indeed I am. You're Puss in Boots, I know."

"I'm his son, Puss, Junior," he replied, with a bow, and just then the two little girls ran out-doors and tickled his whiskers. And this, of

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course, delighted him, for cats, you know, like to be tickled under the chin. And then they gave him a big piece of raisin cake, and after that he said good-by, for a traveler may not linger, but must be ever on his way. And Puss, Junior, was bent on finding his dear father.

So off he ran down the road, and by and by he came across a kind-looking, motherly old mooly cow. She had on a big blue sunbonnet and a gingham apron, and was eating grass spread all over with buttercups. Wasn't that delicious? And I guess she thought so, too, for she never looked up until Puss, Junior, said:

"Will you please tell me the way to the castle of my Lord of Carabas?"

But the Motherly Mooly Cow didn't know. She only knew the path to the barn where the big farmer every night filled the bright tin cans with milk and took it down to the city for little boys and girls who had never seen a green meadow with yellow buttercups spread all over it.

"Well, she can't help me," sighed our little traveler, and away he went to find his dear father, Puss in Boots.

And in the next book he shall find him, I promise you, even if I have to go with him myself.

THE END

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